

A N

E L E G Y,

On the DEATH of
Mr. THOMAS WALSH.

By Mr. TITUS KNIGHT, of HALLIFAX in YORKSHIRE.

A DIE U dear WALSH, thy sacred Dust doth claim,
The warmest Lines of pure Poetic Flame.
Fair Patroness of Song, impart thy aid,
Melpomene, thou elegiac Maid;
The Birth, the Learning of this worthy Man;
His holy Life, and happy Death explain:
And let me while my Friend deceas'd I mourn,
Pluck Flow'rs of Consolation from his Urn.

Insatiate Foe! why did thy partial Dart
Malignant fly, and pierce a Brother's Heart?
A Brother, and a Friend to human Race;
A Man of Learning, and a Child of Grace.
Capricious Tyrant, cannot Age suffice
To glut thy mortal Maw; but must the Wife,
The Young, and Pious too, by thee o'ercome,
Fall Victims to thy Shrine, the dreary Tomb?
Such was my Friend. When first the glorious Truth,
The Powerful Gospel, touch'd th' *Hibernian* Youth,
His sprightly Mind o'erclouded with the Gloom,
That still enwraps th' erroneous Church of *Rome*;
Tenacious of its Modes, 'till Sov'reign Light,
Diffus'd its Beams, and scatter'd Nature's Night.
Then did the Man of WISDOM, GRACE, appear;
In beaming Virtue like a Blazing Star.
As when the Sun enwrapt in fable Shrouds,
Of Fogs and Mists, and intervening Clouds,
Emerging from the fullen Gloom, pervades
The thicken'd Air, and scatters all the Shades.

So didst thou WALSH, from thence begin to shine,
Thy Thoughts, thy Words, thy Actions all Divine;
A Herald faithful to the high Behest,
The Light and Truth, adorn'd his pious Breast.
His peaceful Mind, with no vain Lumber fraught,
He seem'd acquainted with the Things he ought,
And what is more, he liv'd the Truths he taught.
What e'er the Dark Originals contain'd,
The Truths of greatest Moment, these he drain'd;
And plac'd in clearest Light the sacred Text,
And render'd easy, what seem'd most perplex'd.

His Heart enlarg'd, he from *Hibernia* flies;
Nor dreads the surging Seas that lash the Skies;
Favonius wafts him safely to our Isle,
And *Albion's* Sons salute him with a Smile.
"Hail! dearest WALSH, to fair *Britannia's* Shore,
"Thrice welcome Friend, O may that heav'nly Pow'r,
"Who crown'd thy former Labours with Success,
"Continue still to own, succeed, and bless."

His Heart inspired with Love, and fervent Zeal,
As for *Hibernia*, now for *Albion's* Weal;
With useful Learning fraught, the Herald goes,
Sent forth by CHRIST, the Gospel-Trumpet blows.

Tho' learn'd and wise, from Pride of Learning free,
A pattern of profound Humility;
A serious, loving, open free Behaviour,
With God and Man, procuring daily favour,
He envy'd not the Welfare of another,
Partook the Ills of a distressed Brother;
Sought not himself, but studious to make known,
The Honour of his SAVIOUR GOD alone.

But envious Death, the universal Foe,
Insidiously prepared his fatal Bow;
The deadly Arrow flies, but miss'd his Heart,
Yet, deeply pierc'd him in a mortal Part.
The certain Poison, spreads, assur'd to kill;
Th' experienc'd Artist owns his baff'd Skill:
The mould'ring Body wastes, the Strength decays,
A Signal of Distress hangs in his Face.
As when a Bark, the Wind full in her Wings,
Fast in her Hold, the sinking Ocean springs;
'Till on her Deck, appears the rolling Main,
She hangs the Signal of Distress in vain.
Mean while, as Gold, when from its Drofs refin'd,
A purer Lustre gains, such was his Mind;
Staid firm on GOD and to his will resign'd.

Unable now to preach the Word of Grace,
The Winds return him to his native Place;
But Tides of Joy and Grief alternate roll,
When seen by the dear Partners of his Soul,
They mourn to lose a Friend so lately giv'n,
They joy to see a Saint call'd up to Heav'n;
The parting with a Brother they deplore,
Yet joy in Hope to meet and part no more.

Now, ruthless Death, had well nigh sack'd his Frame,
When o'er his Soul, a sudden Darkness came;
Fiercest Temptations roll within his Breast,
His drooping Mind sinks down by Doubts oppress'd:
Yet, feebly hanging on the Promis'd Word,
He groans, and sighs, and prays unto his Lord;
Jesus appears! dispels the doubtful Gloom,
And raptur'd WALSH cry's out, He's come! He's come!
His glowing Breast, with heav'nly Transport fill'd,
He walks Victorious o'er the conquer'd Field:
He views the Slain, with infinite Delight,
And dares the latest Foe to join in Fight,
Triumphant over Death, he waits the Word,
"Depart in Peace, come up unto the Lord."
The Word goes forth, he calmly shuts his Eyes,
The blessed Angels bear him to the Skies.

Hail, happy WALSH! now on that peaceful Shore,
Where Storms, and Tempets, ne'er shall vex thee more;
By thy Example fir'd, thro' Grace, may I,
Pursue thy Steps, and like thee live, and die.